

THE FAMILY CIRC



WILLIAM GILLETTE . . . famous actor, didn't want any blithering saphead to live in his castle, run his miniature train after he died. And he said so in his will. This will and others even more unusual are quoted in Arthur Bartlett's article. See page 14

ROBERT TAYLOR AND MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN . . . are the big box-office names in "The Crowd Roars." Besides being worth seeing as entertainment, according to our reviewer, it bares Robert's many muscles for all to see. And that, we know, will start you off to the Bijou on the gallop

MAJOR AL WILLIAMS . . . is in the business of putting himself out on a limb and then sawing the limb off. And 20 years of it have made him the world's foremost aerobotic flier. To give you an idea of the thrills he's had, we offer "Careful Daredevil." Page 10





WHOLESONE

Refreshment



FISHER FOODS

CLEVELAND-OWNED

"CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING"

• There can be a lot of difference in the flavor and goodness of beverages. Take such an important thing as the water, for instance. Fisher's use only water that has been first distilled and then irradiated with ultraviolet sunshine rays. Costs us more, sure, but you get more wholesome refreshment . . . and at a price that is almost as low as the cheapest!



Margaret dived for the trunk and released the wild-eyed Timmy. At precisely the same moment, Buddy toppled off the chair and began to howl, and the phone started ringing again. Timmy dashed for the phone.

PUPPY LOVE—WITH TIMMY, HIS MOTHER, BABY BROTHER, A DETECTIVE AGENCY INVOLVED. PARENTS PARTICULARLY SHOULD ENJOY IT

JUST before dinner Timothy Benson, Jr. briskly shoved open the kitchen door with one scuffed foot and tip-toed, slammed his schoolbooks across the room with an impressive clatter, and made his way to the hall telephone.

The fact that small boys are blissfully deaf to their own din was once more impressed upon Timothy's mother a few moments later. Her room had reverberated to the noise of Timmy's home-coming. She smoothed her curls quickly and dashed powder at her nose. Then she ran downstairs, pleased with the notion that she was about to exchange the more prosaic role of housekeeper for the delicate one of an understanding young mother and wife. Dinnertime

brought her men home—Timmy from school, Ben from the office. Buddy was, after all, still a baby and didn't count.

As Timmy stood at the phone, Mrs. Benson approached him from behind and placed a welcoming hand on his shoulder. Timmy leaped as if her hand had burned him. "Just got home, Mom. Didn't know—Okay, Mike, see you about it tomorrow—tied up right now. Yeah, g'by... Jeeps, Mom, you shouldn't scare a fellow like that! When a fellow's phoning, he's phoning!"

Margaret's cheery welcome died on her lips as she watched her elder son march off upstairs with the ramrod back of deeply offended 13-year-old dignity. She experi-

enced, not for the first time after an encounter with Timmy, the uneasy feeling that she was on some remote satellite from which she was capable of catching no more than an occasional glimpse of the whirling world that held her son.

"And he thought that he had come in like a mouse," she mused. "Timmy's business with Mike is apparently not my business. Now, I suppose, I'll be in the doghouse till well after dinner."

Margaret Benson brooded a moment about the strange way men have of bringing their outside cares home with them full-bodied. "Perhaps there should be a law that they shouldn't be spoken to for one full hour after they come home," she thought. "Goodness knows I meant well."

AS she wandered into the living room to give the sofa cushions their evening pats and plumpings, her mind turned inward on life with Timmy. Since that solemn interview last year on the subject of long trousers and the subsequent shopping trip into town, she had realized that the easy years were over.

She remembered the scene in the clothing store and the pleasant young salesman with whom she had laughed about her own ignorance on the all-important subject of what the very young man should wear. Timmy had stood in stony silence through the whole transaction. She had thought that he looked handsome indeed in the growmap clothes, his sandy curls tumbling above serious blue eyes, his slim, little-boy figure rigid with some unexplained emotion.

The emotion was explained quickly enough when they got outside, for it was then that Timmy proceeded to give his mother a first-class dressing down.

"You didn't haff to tell him *everything* you know!" Timmy had burst out. "You didn't haff to tell him they were my first long pants and how old I was and that we have Buddy and—oh, all that stuff. My goodness, you certainly didn't haff to tell him I'd never got any clothes in the men's department before! He could've guessed that, I guess, without you talking and talking. You shouldn't talk about me as if I wasn't there—or as if I was still a little kid."

Margaret had apologized weakly. Then, as they drove home, she had been vastly relieved when Timmy apparently forgot all about it.

But several times since the long-pants episode Margaret had got all snarled in Timmy's unpredictable feelings. Sometimes her patience had worn thin, and then she had complained to Ben. "Darn it," she had said to Ben once, "I never was a 13-year-old male child, and I just can't help putting my foot in it." But most of the time she did her level best, for she was touchingly serious about her job as mother to Timmy and Buddy.

AN ominous silence from the nursery now shattered her vague worries about Timothy, and she charged

back upstairs with the sudden realization that Buddy had been disturbingly quiet for half an hour. He was only two and a half—a lovely, simple age, grateful for any attention. He had a mechanical bent which she was firmly convinced would make him a second Edison, but at the present stage in his world-shattering career, it was much more likely to blow him to bits.

Silence, as usual, meant action on Buddy's part. A quick glance around the nursery showed Margaret no sign of him, but then, with a too-familiar sinking of her heart, she noticed that a chair, two books, and a small collection of building blocks formed a sort of crazy ladder to the window. Next she saw Buddy's cherubic face staring into the room from outside the window, his brown eyes blinking solemnly, his brown hair standing up in little spikes all over his head.

For one mad instant Margaret thought that he must be floating. Then she dashed to the window and dragged him in from the porch roof.

That night, as they sat down at dinner, Margaret fretted to Ben about Buddy's incorrigibility, though she knew she would get nothing but a chuckle and some sound advice about barring the window. Which was just what she did get, so Margaret resigned herself to feeling lonely about the whole thing.

Halfway through dinner, Timmy was called to the phone, and he carried on a low-voiced conversation while his meat cooled on his plate. Margaret heroically made no comment, remembering her error of that afternoon—an error she had occasion to be self-conscious about many times during the next two days when the air seemed electric with mysterious phone calls. But Margaret stifled her questions. That Timmy was up to something, she knew. He no longer showed the house when he arrived home in the afternoons. Twice she didn't hear him at all, until a murmuring in the hall told her that he was breathing heavily into the phone. And so he was—one hot hand wrapped around the receiver, the other half-covered by the mouthpiece.

That day, however, strange scraps of conversation escaped the sheltering hand and froze Margaret to the spot as she heard his tense voice whispering, "The time's almost up. . . . Yeah, I know, but you gotta come across by Friday at the latest. . . . You're sure you haven't told anyone? Okay, okay! Gimme a report tomorrow!"

That night Margaret's curiosity had to have some satisfaction, no matter how slight. "It's wonderful," she remarked to Ben chaffily, "how casually and how well today's children use the telephone. Why, Timmy can mutter into it through a cupped hand like an international spy, and you can't hear him a foot away. I do believe he conducts all his most important business by phone."

"Shouldn't try to hear what (Please turn to page 6)

the telephone age

BY AGNES CREIGHTON RUMSEY

Try this

IF HE'S FUSSY ABOUT VEGETABLES!

Man-oh-man, are these good! And I thought all Lima Beans were about alike!



Something new! A thrilling, real garden-fresh flavor... now made possible by putting up tiny All Green Lima Beans by Stokely's famous "fresh-tasting" process!

When Mrs. Stokely and her sons began canning prize-crop vegetables down in Tennessee, using her new, "fresh-tasting" process, people liked them so well they couldn't meet the demand! Mrs. Stokely was urged to buy and can other vegetables! But, with a woman's stubbornness about quality, she refused to use anything except her prize-crop vegetables, or can them any way except by her famous "fresh-tasting" process!

Now, tiny All Green Lima Beans are being put up the Stokely way. Ultra-modern improvements in the famous "fresh-tasting" process give these All Green Lima Beans a thrilling, new garden-fresh flavor few people have thought possible. Serve them... and win cheers from your family! Ask for them at your grocer's!



FREE!
Meatline Surprises
Look for new, specially
tested recipes for ap-
petizing Green Lima
Bean Supper Salad...
Lentils with Pork Sa-
vages... Lima Bean
Racibit... all hidden
under the label of very
can of Stokely's Finest
All Green Lima Beans!

STOKELY'S FINEST
FOODS
VEGETABLES • FRUITS • BABY FOODS

THE TELEPHONE AGE

(Continued from page 1)

he's saying, anyhow," Ben grumbled and dived back behind his newspaper.

"Cold comfort," thought Margaret.

BY Saturday, Margaret had overheard just enough of one of Timmy's phone conversations to drive her mad.

"Not a cent more!" Timmy had bussed sternly into the phone. "And besides, you didn't get the dope this week, and now it's too late almost... You should've thought of something else."

Only by mumbling over and over the A-No. 1 rule in "Primary Parent Psychology"—"Always let the child bring you his problems. Never, never pay"—could Margaret keep from giving Timmy the third degree.

Mercifully, that afternoon the dam broke, and Timothy, harried by a large eating apple, approached his mother as she sat reading. Margaret could tell by his studied nonchalance that he wanted advice, and she tried to appear only coolly interested.

Through the apple, Timmy announced that he wanted his favor.

"It's like this, Mother. I didn't know if she could dance, and I wouldn't want to be stuck with her if she couldn't dance—now, would I? Mike said his agency would handle it for me, so I paid him five cents, and he asked her could she dance. And she can, so then it was all right that far. But I didn't know her phone number, and Mike is a terrible detective, because all he did was take my other ten cents and follow her home. And her name is Nancy Smith, but there aren't any Smiths living there in the phone book."

"Hold it, soldier!" said Margaret, feeling giddy. "Isn't Mike the boy you don't like because he cracks? And what has he to do with dancing?"

"Oh, sure, 'cuz," Timothy was almost shouting, his face flushed with the frantic energy of a very young boy wondering whether failing to throw up is ever worth the trouble. "But this is business, Mike is a detective agency for us other fellows, and I hired him. Now don't you see?"

"Well, no, I don't," said Margaret reasonably. "What did you hire him for?"

"To ask her could she dance—to ask her could she dance—to ask her could she dance!"

"Yes, yes—that's clear as crystal, thank you," said Margaret crisply. "Now just take it easy and I'll get the rest of it eventually. She can dance, thank heaven, and so..."

"And so," Timmy took it up feverishly. "He followed her home to get her address so I could look it up in the phone book and ask her to go to the commencement party with me."

To his vast relief, only thinly and he looked a prayerful child of apple. Margaret sat back and prayed solemnly for help for it had finally become clear to her that her young son was coming to her for advice about his first love affair.

"YOU see," Timmy went on so slowly and carefully that Margaret felt nervously dim-witted. "Now I know she can dance and I can ask her to the party, but there aren't any Smiths in the phone book. And she's new in school, and no one's got her number yet. And I thought you could maybe let it for me to..."

"But I don't," said Margaret slowly. "Why do you need my phone number? You've her every... on just use her to go to the party... That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Oh, I know a wouldn't understand!" spluttered Timmy. "I just want to have that phone number to ask her right to her face! Oh, darn it, anyway!"

Sighing, Timmy stalked toward the door. Margaret made a lightning recovery. "Right you are!" she called after him. "I'll have it for you tomorrow."

Timmy's embarrassment was much too acute to permit a thank you, but he shot his mother a grateful glance over his shoulder as his flushed face disappeared through the doorway.

The next day, Sunday, a bargain was struck by mother and son. Timmy had nervously watched Margaret all through breakfast and he had eaten hardly anything. So right afterward Margaret had phoned Miss Tait, who said she would call back later in the afternoon with Miss Nancy Smith's phone number.

"How would you like to stay in to answer the phone?" Margaret asked Timmy. "You could keep an eye—two eyes, in fact—on Buddy, because it's Annie's Sunday off. And you'd go over to Al the dog's. Your father's playing golf, and I'd love a chance to visit with your grandmother without being afraid that Buddy would smash little lads of this and that all over her house."

"Keeps Mother, you didn't tell Miss Tait that I wanted that number, did you?" asked Timmy, real horror in his eyes.

"Of course not, silly! All you have to do is to take the message to me, and then you'll have your number. You look after Buddy, and I'll be back soon."

"Okay," Timmy growled. "I'll watch him. But inside the house—not in the yard!"

AS Margaret drove off a while later, she realized, with a grin, that Timmy had taken on the hated job of man-servant just so he could call Nancy, while he would be alone in the house. She hoped he would get the number all right, and she smothered a small feeling of guilt at her desertion. She thought of the pretty picture her two sons had made as she left—Timmy, with his sandy curls, bent low over Buddy's dark head and patiently showing Buddy how to make a lock house. How he hoped Timmy's plans would go off without a hitch!

Back home, Timmy's interest in the black house waned in no time. Timmy left Buddy and the blocks for a few minutes to make a hurried trip to the hall to call central just to make sure the phone was in order. When he came back, Buddy was displaying a sample of that devilish ingenuity which seems to overtake two-year-olds the minute all adults are out of shouting distance. He was industriously painting the under parts of all the furniture with cold cream, applied with Buddy's shaming brush. How Buddy had got the cream and brush, Timmy could not guess. Timmy charged him and Buddy handed his fragrant equipment over with the sweetest of smiles. Then he trotted off to the guest room, as if he had a pre-sung business appointment there.

After an amateur cleanup job, Timmy followed Buddy and found him curiously playing peekaboo with himself in a large wardrobe trunk. The empty trunk stood half open, and Buddy could march into it, disappear, and without any trouble at all.

"Where Buddy?" he asked conversationally. "Play Where Buddy, Timmy?"

"Where's Buddy, you half-lacked little nitwit," growled Timmy crossly. "Gosh, he thought, there certainly must be something wrong with the phone, no matter what that old operator said."

Then as Buddy bounced out to the front, shouting with laughter, some dim, childish memory stirred in Timmy, and he good-humoredly fell into playing Where Buddy. They played for quite a while—just long enough for Buddy's particular imp to fill Buddy with indignation.

"Now Timmy, hide in trunk," he croaked. "Play Where Timmy?"

With a shamefaced grin, Timmy jammed his head into the trunk.

(Please turn to page 9)

"Kitchening"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these colorful pages, as well as for the many other useful, attractive binders and covers available from the Bureau of Tested Recipes. The binder is made of sturdy, gold-colored material and is held together by a gold-colored metal clasp. It is available for only 25¢ in coin or stamps. Please write to Julia Lee Wright, 400 Madison Avenue, The Family Circle Magazine, New York, New York.

BUREAU
TESTED
RECIPES

CUT ON DOTTED LINES

FOLD

HERE

SAVE EACH WEEK

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



veloped a successful method which may be used in any cake recipe for any type of electric mixer.

The first steps in all good cakemaking are to assemble and measure all ingredients, have them at room temperature, grease the pans, and regulate the oven. With this done beforehand, there will be no danger of overheating the batter while assembling and measuring the ingredients.

The shortening, in our newly perfected method, is creamed at low speed for about one minute, or until it becomes the consistency of heavy mayonnaise. Sugar is added at low speed, too, toward the center of the bowl, as are all the ingredients, to avoid splattering or throwing. The sugar should be put in so gradually that the whole operation takes about four minutes. Then this mixture is beaten two minutes longer, with the mixer control still set at low speed.

For cakes using only the whites of eggs, as in white cakes, we recommend that the egg whites be added unbeaten to the shortening-sugar mixture one at a time on medium speed; then beaten about one minute after each addition. This method of adding whites applies to whole eggs, too. But if the eggs are to be separated and the stiffly beaten whites folded in at the last, the whites may be whipped first of all in a small bowl about four minutes, using the medium speed and increasing to high speed until they are smooth and glossy. Then, without washing the beaters, the cake may be made in a larger bowl and the whites folded in at the last by hand or stirred in with the mixer, using the low speed and allowing about one-half to one minute for this mixing.

Flour and liquid are added gradually and alternately at low speed and beaten until the mixture is just well blended and smooth.

With these general rules to serve as a guide, you may turn your old-time favorite cake and cookie recipes into quick motor-made specialties. And here are some delicious new recipes which our testing kitchen has developed in answer to the many requests for mixer-made recipes.



Julia Lee Wright

SEPTEMBER 2ND



PRELIMINARY STEPS IN CAKEMAKING AND COOKMAKING

1. Select and read recipe carefully.
2. Assemble all ingredients and scale meat and have them at room temperature.
3. Grease pans.
4. Measure ingredients.
5. Set oven temperature.
6. Proceed with cake or cookies as directed.

DIRECTIONS FOR BUTTER CAKES

1. Sift flour; measure; and sift again with leavening, salt, spices, and other ingredients.
2. Cream shortening on low speed in large bowl about 1 minute, or until consistency of heavy mayonnaise. Add sugar gradually toward center of bowl in about 4 minutes' total time, or until creamy; continue heating 2 minutes longer, or until light and fluffy.
3. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating on medium speed $\frac{1}{2}$ minute after each addition. (Whole eggs or yolks or whites may be added this way.)
4. Add flavoring to liquid. Add small amounts of flour and liquid alternately on low speed in about 4 minutes' total time, starting and ending with flour.

DIRECTIONS FOR SPONGE CAKES

1. Sift flour; measure; and sift again with salt.
2. Beat egg whites on medium speed in large mixer bowl 1 minute; increase to high speed about 3 minutes, or until whites just hold shape; gradually add sugar on medium speed in about 2 minutes' time, and beat 1 minute longer.
3. Beat yolks on high speed in small mixer bowl 4 minutes, or until thick and lemon-colored.

Add flavoring and fruit juice or rind; beat 1 minute longer.

4. Add egg yolks and flour together to whites. Beat on low speed $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, or just until ingredients are thoroughly blended.

See Preliminary Steps before proceeding

APPLESAUCE CAKE

The electric-mixer way

2 cups flour	1 egg
2 tsp. soda	1 cup seedless applesauce
1 tsp. cinnamon	1 tsp. oil
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cloves	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts
1 tsp. nutmeg	1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened applesauce
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	
1 cup sugar	

(1) Sift flour; measure; and sift again with soda, spices, and salt. (2) Cream shortening on low speed in large mixer bowl 1 minute; add sugar gradually in about 4 minutes' total time; and beat about 2 minutes longer. (3) Add unbeaten egg on medium speed; beat $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Add raisins and nut meats; beat $\frac{1}{2}$ minute to mix. (4) Add small amounts of flour and applesauce alternately on low speed in about 4 minutes' total time. (5) Bake in well greased shallow baking pan (8x10x2) about 30 minutes, or until done, in moderate oven (375° F.). Serves 8 to 10.

SUGAR COOKIES

New-fashioned method

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup salt	1 cup sugar
2 eggs	2 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder	1 tsp. vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	

(1) Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and

THE TELEPHONE AGE

(Continued from page 6)

his elastic small-boy's frame into the trunk and pulled the halves close together. As a problem maker, Buddy seldom disappointed, and he didn't this time. He leaned suddenly against the trunk and the clock ticked shut.

An outraged though muffled yell from Timmy was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

Timmy heard it dimly through the trunk walls and the next few minutes were spent in the most furious kicking and howling Timmy had ever done. Buddy, his head cocked on one side, his baby mouth open, listened with what seemed to be a scientific interest.

"Where Timmy?" he finally contributed softly. The phone trailed itself into silence.

TIMMY's war whoops died away into a moment of echoing quiet as he caught his breath and thought the situation over. The trunk was old and far from airtight, but Timmy was hot and cramped and frantic. He heard Buddy dragging a chair across the floor and he decided to try guile.

"Let me out now, Buddy—that's a good Buddy," he pleaded. "If you'll climb up on that chair and lift that thing on the top of the trunk, I'll buy you two ice-cream cones right away. But you gotta let me out! It's bad to keep me in here, Buddy. You gotta let me out right away this minute! Can you hear me, Buddy? Say something, for Pete's sake!"

"Where Timmy?" said Buddy obligingly, and Timmy thought he heard Buddy fumbling with the lock.

"That's right, Buddy. Just press it up hard. Can you reach it, Buddy?"

"Can't do," Buddy reported firmly.

"Jeeps," wailed Timmy. "The phone will ring and ring and ring, and I'll suffocate!" Timmy's voice seemed to fascinate Buddy.

It emerged from the trunk a hollow basso to which Buddy listened with every evidence of pleasure.

"Buddy, you listen to me," Timmy croaked from the trunk. "You go to the window, and when someone goes by, you lean out and yell, 'My brother's in a trunk! Help!' Do it right away, Buddy! No! Wait a sec. Say it first after me. 'My brother's in a trunk! Help!'"

Buddy scorned this rehearsal idea, but he trotted to the window in high good humor.

A few minutes later Timmy heard him pipe, "Hello!"

"Why, hello yourself, youngster," said a man's voice.

A deep silence followed.

"Say, the rest, Buddy! Say the rest!" shouted a sweating Timmy.

"All gone," said Buddy sadly.

"Well, you say it all to the next person or you won't get the ice cream—no ever. Isn't someone coming now?"

"Now," Buddy announced portentously, and Timmy held his breath to hear better.

"Hello," said Buddy. "My name Buddy. What your name?"

"Why, you cute little monkey," drifted up from the street. "You be a good boy, now!"

"Oh, my goodness, my goodness!" screamed Timmy. "Say it, Buddy! You just better say it!"

Buddy scowled at the trunk and said nothing at all.

"Buddy, dear—do you hear me, Buddy?"

"Yess," said Buddy sulkily.

"Say it right, Buddy dear. won't you please?" Timmy's tone was heart-breaking.

"Yess," said Buddy softly and then, as if fascinated by the word, he repeated, "Yuss, yuss, yuss, yuss."

The next few moments could be counted only as years by Timmy. Then he heard Buddy chanting, in an ingratiating, up-and-down sort of singsong "Hello, my-brother."

(Please turn to page 20)

Armour's MEAL OF THE MONTH for September



**A glorious ham dinner . . .
A new taste discovery to delight
your family**

■ Wouldn't you like a delicious, brand new feast to serve your family... a savory "second helping" dinner that will bring gleeful smiles to their faces and showers of praise to you? Well, here it is: Armour's glorious MEAL OF THE MONTH for September.

Success is easy with Armour's Star Ham

This dinner does not depend on a lot of fussy preparation. It is just simple, downright good eating. Do you want your meal to look elegant, and taste nothing short of heavenly? Then use Armour's Star Ham... it's the Success-Secret of this work of art! Slow sugar curing, slow fragrant smoking make Armour's Star Ham the delight of expert home-makers the country over. You'll cheer for it, too! Ask your meat merchant for Armour's Star Ham, and serve your family Marie Gifford's latest triumph—the Meal of the Month for September.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM "The Ham What Am"

**ARMOUR'S STAR SLICED HAM helps
balance the family budget**



Here's a way to serve ham that is especially easy on the budget. There's no bone, no rind, no waste in this choice center slicer from tenderest hams. Just put them in the broiler for six minutes... Delicious! "oh carrots!" Ask your dealer for Armour's Star Sliced Ham... as many slices as you need

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

Baked in Ginger Ale

It's ever so easy to prepare if you follow these simple directions:

Wrap Star Ham in one of its paper wrappings. Place, fat side up, on rack in any baking pan. Bake in a 300° F oven 1½ hours to the pound. For a 14 lb. ham or larger, use 16 minutes per pound. One hour before done, remove paper and rind. Baste with ¼ cup ginger ale every 10 to 15 minutes until done. Cover with brown sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon ginger, and let glaze for 15 minutes... Serve with Ginger Peas topped with whole apricots.

For Peas: Mix ½ cup instant ale, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground lemon peel, ½ cup lemon juice and boil until thick. Pour hot over drained halves of peas from No. 2's, can. Let stand several hours. Use syrup as sauce for ham.

MENU

Cream of Mushroom Soup

Armour's Star Ham

(Baked in Ginger Ale)

**Ginger Peas—Whole Apricots
Mashed Potatoes—Buttered Beets**

Cole Slaw

Applesauce Cake

Coffee





THE air meet was over and down out of the grandstand and over the field streamed a great throng of people. Six hundred feet in the air, there still hovered the last flier—Major Al Williams, "the man who can land on a dime." He had just given an exhibition of precision aerobatics—stunt flying, to you.

No one paid him any heed. After three hours of watching planes loop and spin and roar around a pylon, the thousands were bored with stunts. All they wanted now was to get home. The plane eased down to 300 feet and Williams, peering over the side, was hunting an empty strip in which to land. Then the engine suddenly went cold. The motor was dead—dead as last week's hearing!

To pancake down on that packed field would be more than a crack-up—it would be a massacre. Williams was losing altitude in a plane which he could not control. He could bear the shrill titter of a girl, the howling of a drunk. Here, now, is where stunting comes in handy.

Major Al rode the air currents, coasted on an air bank, and managed to get beyond the field. A crack-up was inevitable—and he chose to smash where he would run the risk of injuring only himself. He chose a clay bank. Sidelining the craft so that he missed a row of parked cars, though only by a whisker, he hurtled with a terrific crash to the ground. The plane was demolished. But Major Al Williams, who, in his brief life, has taken more chances per flying hour

than any other aviator, scrambled out intact.

This introduces the man who is one of the truly remarkable figures in aviation today. A Fordham graduate, Williams played baseball for the New York Giants. And then he went off to war and to his true calling—stunt flying, but not for thrills. By torturing planes until they give up their innermost secrets, he has learned things about flying which no one knew before, and his findings have led to many solid improvements in airplane design.

It all started when he took an HS seaplane up into the clouds. This type of plane was a killer—a ship which went treacherously into a spin and took the lives

When Major Al Williams puts on his forth-bombing act, out show spectators really get a big bang out of it. A 40-foot-cannon "hot" is built on the field and in it are placed 400 pounds of powder and 20 sticks of dynamite. Zooming from 1,000 feet in a series of power dives, Major Williams takes the field, dropping several bombs on sighting, starts to determine the wind velocity. Then, in a final dive, he drops four bombs from 25 feet, and, by crash! Smashing, his plane clears the fort a second before it's shattered with a deafening explosion.

MEET MAJOR AL WILLIAMS, FOR

20 YEARS A STUNT FLIER AND

TEST PILOT. AND HE HAS TAK-

EN MORE CHANCES PER FLYING

HOUR THAN ANY AVIATOR ALIVE

BY LT. COL. GEORGE WITTEN



The story of every pilot who ever attempted loops or outside rolls or spin rolls in Major Williams' 1,000 horsepower Grumman "Hot" is built on the field out of it. Although he can do start flying in this ship which would set any confidence in the pilot's skill, his interest in aerobatics is the development of maneuvers which may be useful in both civil and military flying

plane back to normal. He learned that too sudden operation of the controls would swing it past normal and into a spin in the opposite direction.

Four hours of going in and out of spins taught him what the HS was made of, and when he brought the plane at last to its mooring, it was a killer no more. He transmitted his report in detail, and that fall he had the satisfaction of seeing novices using the ex-killer to make their first solo flights.

MORE hazardous was his ride in another killer—one so bad that the Navy refused him permission to test it. This one had a way of going into a flat spin and ending in a crash. It had killed a dozen men. Williams persisted and finally got permission to take it for a cross-country hop.

For more than an hour he tried to get the ship into the dangerous spin. Three times it whipped around in its peculiar flat spinning motion, and three times Al pulled it back into normal flying position. He mounted higher, pulled the throttle back—and then he had it! The spin started furiously. Faster and faster it whirled.

He cut the motor. The spinning slackened, but the ship dropped like a plummet. He

opened the motor wide again. The spinning started off. Then suddenly it began again. He couldn't think of anything to do. The earth rose up like a huge iron fist—the plane whirled! But Al, with glass and canvas in his hair, walked off under his own power.

This flight taught plane builders that there is such a thing as autorotation. And after that, planes susceptible to flat spin were considered.

When there were no killers to tame, Al Williams pursued sea eagles, literally romping with them in the air. He spent weeks trying to do what the birds did, and succeeding. On another occasion he decided to perfect his ability to land, and in one day made 200 take-offs and landings. Which, I am told, constitutes a record.

Resigning from the Navy after the War, Williams retained his connection with the military forces by accepting the commission of major in the United States Marine Aviation Reserve. He is now manager of

For his outstanding contributions to the advancement of aviation, Al Williams has received many trophies, awards, and honors. He has been named a Congressional Distinguished Flying Cross. Here the Major (right) is shown receiving the "hot" ship, the Eisenhower trophy, wartime ace, the Eisenhower trophy for greatest flying, awarded in the 1950s. Williams is now the aviation department of the Gulf Oil Corporation, for whom he flies the Gulfhawk, which is rated the most powerful aerobatic ship in the world.

At the more important air meets, you may see him spinning and twisting above the stands, the course of his gyrations clearly defined by a trail of skywriting smoke which gushes out from the plane. Hung before his lips as he performs his aerobatics is a throat microphone—a device of his own invention. And as he zooms and spins and rolls, you can hear him explaining each maneuver to the crowd down in the stands, and we, the outsiders, crane our necks. Up there, a daredevil in a tormented ship speaks so that all can hear.

"I am watching that house to the west of the field and the shed nearby!" he may say. "Each time the shed runs around the house, I know I have made a complete spin. Now I am coming out . . . I give it reverse rudder and push the stick forward . . . She has quit spinning. . . . Now she is in a dive. I pull the stick back slowly and I level off. . . . I am opening the throttle and will climb 100 feet and spin to the right. . . ." It's exciting stuff!

(Please turn to page 17)

Sue Sutton's menus

LABOR DAY

Sliced Boiled Ham
Bologna Cones Filled
with Potato Salad
Deviled Eggs
Salad Bowl of Tomato,
Pineapple, Cucumber, and
Shrimps with French Dressing
Hot Rolls Jam Butter
Chocolate Sundae
Cupcakes Butter
Coffee, Milk, or Carbonated
Beverages

WEDNESDAY

Baked Lamb Ribslets
Escalloped Potatoes
Chopped Spinach Salad with
Lemon Butter
Mixed Vegetable Salad with
Garden Mayonnaise
Bread Butter
Baked Pears with Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FRIDAY

Fried Oysters with
Tartar Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Baked Tomatoes
Head Lettuce with French
Dressing Butter
Sliced Fresh Peaches with
Custard Sauce
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SUNDAY

Chilled Tomato Juice
Toasted Crackers
Prime Rib Roast of Beef
with Gravy
Potato Souffle
Sautéed Asparagus Tips
Farmer's Lettuce
Heated Rolls Butter
Frozen Fruit Salad
Butter Wafers with Toasted
Marshmallows
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

TUESDAY

Slices of Roast Beef Heated
in Gravy
Baked Green Peppers with
Canned Baked Beans
Buttered Beef Greens
Sliced Tomatoes and
Cucumbers
Bread Butter
Melon Slices
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

THURSDAY

Spanish Omelet
Heated Potato Chips
String Beans
Cantaloupe, Pear, and
Orange Salad with Honey
Dressing
Ginger Cheese Muffins Butter
Sliced Cheese with Crackers
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SATURDAY

Polenta
Relishes and Vegetable Strips
Mixed Fruit Salad Bowl with
Shredded Lettuce
Hard Rolls Butter
Macaroon Custard
Macaroons
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Risk and smooth

10 marshmallows 1/2 cup quartered
2 slices pineapple grapefruit sections
1 medium-size ripe fluffy dressing
banana (recipe follows)
1/2 cup quartered
orange sections

Cut marshmallows in eighths. Dice pineapple; slice banana. Combine fruits; toss lightly with marshmallows. Add fluffy dressing. Pour into refrigerator tray; place in freezing unit; and freeze about 2 to 3 hours at coldest temperature. Cut in squares or oblongs; serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with salted peanuts if desired. Serves 6. (Note: 1/4 cup salted peanuts may be added to salad.)

FLUFFY DRESSING

3 marshmallows 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks 1/2 cup whipping
2 1/2 tablespoons cream
lemon juice

Cut marshmallows in quarters. Beat egg yolks well; add lemon juice and salt; and cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add marshmallows; beat until marshmallows are melted. Remove from heat; cool. Whip and fold in cream. Makes 1/2 cup.

GINGER CHEESE MUFFINS

People rave over them

2 cups all-purpose 1 egg
flour 1/2 cup milk
2 1/2 teaspoons 1/2 cup molasses
baking powder 4 tablespoons
1/2 teaspoon soda melted shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup grated
1/2 teaspoon ginger American cheese

Sift flour; measure; and sift into mixing bowl with baking powder, soda, salt, and ginger. Beat egg; add milk and molasses; mix well; add to flour mixture; and stir until smooth. Add shortening; mix; and fold in cheese. Bake in greased muffin pans 20 minutes, or until done, in hot oven (425° F.). Makes 18 muffins.

GARDEN MAYONNAISE

For variety

1 cup mayonnaise 3 tablespoons finely
3 tablespoons sliced green onion
chopped green or 1 tablespoon
pepper onion juice
2 tablespoons finely 1 to 2 tablespoons
cut parsley lemon juice
3 tablespoons finely
sliced celery

Combine all ingredients; mix. Let stand 2 to 3 hours to blend well before serving. Makes about 2 cups dressing.

POLENTA

Plenty good enter

1/2 cup olive oil 1/2 cup butter
2 medium-size onions mushrooms
1 large head garlic 2 cups corn
4 or 5 sprigs parsley corn meal
1 teaspoon salt 2 quarts boiling water
1/2 teaspoon thyme 1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon sage 1 cup grated
3 cups cooked American cheese
tomatoes

Heat oil in saucepan; add finely chopped onions, garlic, parsley, and seasonings. Cook slowly until browned. Heat drained tomatoes in another saucepan; add to oil and onion mixture; and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain mushrooms; add to sauce; and cook 30 minutes longer. Gradually stir corn meal into boiling salted water; cook 30 to 40 minutes, stirring frequently. Spread half of corn meal on hot platter; cover with half the sauce and cheese. Top with remaining corn meal, sauce, and cheese. Serve at once. Serves 6 to 8.

ANOTHER holiday week end is upon us, offering a grand opportunity for entertaining friends either indoors or out. Sunday's dinner may be a festive one from the refreshing first course of chilled tomato juice to the perfect ending of frozen fruit salad and butter wafers topped with marshmallows and toasted to a golden brown under the broiler.

For Monday, Labor Day, the suggested dinner is adaptable enough to be carried out into the open for a picnic, or served at home, buffet style, to the

family and friends. The attractive and delicious bologna cones which are to hold the potato salad are made by rolling thin slices of bologna and securing them with toothpicks. For the sake of precious leisure, the ice cream may be purchased instead of homemade. The chocolate sauce suggested for the topping doesn't have to be homemade, either. Excellent canned sauces are available at your grocery store and are convenient to have on hand to dress up desserts of all kinds. The cupcakes may be bought or baked beforehand.



N B C GRAHAMS

with **MILK**

the mid-afternoon
"HOLD OVER"
that kids love

Won't spoil normal supper time appetites either

WISE mothers know that it's perfectly normal for active youngsters to get hungry in the middle of the afternoon. So they meet the situation wisely by keeping plenty of N.B.C. Graham Crackers and milk on hand. It not only holds the children over till supper, but is wholesome and energy-restoring. And very important: Graham's and milk digest so easily that it won't spoil normal mealtime appetites!

Your regular grocer carries N.B.C. Graham's in the bright red packages. Order same today! Ask for the big, economical one-pound size.



Look for this SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING which identifies products of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE NEW FILMS

"THE CROWD ROARS"

Produced by MGM
Directed by Richard Thorpe

CAST—Robert Taylor, Edward Arnold, Frank Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan, William Gargan, Lionel Stander, Jane Wyman, Nat Pendleton, Gene Reynolds, Donald Barry, Isabel Jewell, J. Farrell MacDonald.

SITUATION—Frank Morgan, an irresponsible, inebriate ex-vaudeville, learns that his son Gene Reynolds can sing and takes him to a smoker to perform. There it develops that Gene can also box, and he gains the interest of champion William Gargan, who offers him a job on his barnstorming tour. The relationship continues for years, with Gene growing up into—of all people—Robert Taylor. Gargan loses the title, drops out, and Taylor becomes the boxing sensation. Father Morgan, still irresponsible, becomes involved with big-time gambler Edward Arnold, and sells Taylor's contract to him the night that Taylor is compelled to box Gargan, who is trying for a comeback. Gargan dies as a result of the fight, and Taylor forswears the ring. But he is forced back, under Arnold's management. Then he accidentally meets Maureen O'Sullivan and learns that she is Arnold's daughter and that Arnold leads a double life. Gamblers whom Arnold has been tricking get wise and go to work on Taylor, Maureen, and Morgan. Thrills . . .

COMMENT—I have long believed that Robert Taylor faces the same problem in his career which Rudolph Valentino faced: He must convince the public, especially the male section of it, that, despite his exceptional good looks, he is essentially masculine. Producers at Metro obviously reached the same conclusion some time ago, for they placed him in "A Yank at Oxford," in which Taylor played an athlete. Now comes this story of the prize ring, with Taylor playing a rugged prize fighter. Does he put it over? In my opinion, he does. And excellently. Fortunately for Mr. Taylor, he has a splendid physique—not of the weight-lifting, muscle-bound variety, but sleek and strong. And he must have had good tutors, for during the fighting sequences he looks as if he knows how to handle his dukes. I predict that this film will dispel all doubts as to Mr. Taylor's masculinity, and he should win many, many new fans by it.

As a whole, "The Crowd Roars" is one of the best prize-fight pictures any Hollywood studio has turned out in many a day. It is directed by Richard Thorpe—in whose ability I have had great faith since seeing "Night Must Fall," which he also directed—and it hasn't a dull or loose moment. Director Thorpe milks dry every tense scene, just as he did in "Night Must Fall," and his handling of the fight scenes is masterful.

In support of Taylor, Edward Arnold and Frank Morgan are fine. If Edward Arnold is box-office poison, as claimed by the spokesman for a group of theatre owners recently, then I like that particular kind of poison. Indeed, I positively thrive on it. Frank Morgan, in the course of one of his best performances is the recipient of the most brutal line of dialogue I have heard in a picture anywhere anytime. At last disgusted with him as a father, Taylor asks him, "What

did you want to have children for, anyway—to gnaw on?"

There is also good romance and human interest, with Maureen O'Sullivan never less.

OPINION—Men will doubtless enjoy it more than women, but it's one of the season's best.

"IN OLD MEXICO"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by Edward D. Venturini

CAST—William Boyd, George Hayes, Russell Hayden, Paul Sutton, Allan Garcia, Jane Clayton, Betty Amann.

SITUATION—Hopalong Cassidy (William Boyd) avenges the murder of a friend.

COMMENT—Right up to the standard of the Hopalong series, rated high among Westerns. This one has the Mexican atmosphere, and introduces a cute little trick named Jane Clayton in the leading feminine role.

OPINION—Okay.



In "Gateway": When newspaper correspondent Don Ameche and colleague Arleen Whelan meet aboard ship, the fact that Arleen's on her way to marry her fiancé doesn't inhibit their moon-gazing.

"GATEWAY"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Alfred Werker

CAST—Don Ameche, Arleen Whelan, Gregory Ratoff, Binnie Barnes, Gilbert Roland, Raymond Walburn, John Carradine, Maurice Moscovitch, Harry Carey, Marjorie Gateson, Lyle Talbot, Fritz Leiber, Warren Hymer, E. E. Cline.

SITUATION—The story of "Gateway" almost has me guessing, folks, but as nearly as I can make out, it goes something like this: On board an American-bound ship, Don Ameche, well-known newspaper correspondent, falls in love with Irish colleen Arleen Whelan, who is coming to this country to marry. There is trouble aboard between Arleen and blemished Raymond Walburn, and Arleen is detained at Ellis Island until Don straightens everything out. . . .

COMMENT—This is probably one of the weakest pictures ever turned out by a first-rate producing company. "Gateway" is pretty colorless until a number of interesting characters are introduced in the Ellis Island sequence. Among these are Gregory Ratoff, as a bogus prince, and Maurice Moscovitch, who is excellent as the immigrant who returns to his homeland so that his grandson may enter America under the quota. Don Ameche and Arleen Whelan try hard, but to no avail, for the story beats them.

OPINION—Oh, well—everybody makes mistakes.

"LETTER OF INTRODUCTION"

Produced by Universal
Directed by John M. Stahl

CAST—Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Ann Sheridan, Ernest Cossart, Frank Jenks, Eve Arden, Jonathan Hale.

SITUATION—Andrea Leeds comes to New York with a letter of introduction to the great star of stage and screen, Adolphe Menjou, whose reputation as an actor is eclipsed only by his reputation as a lover, onstage and off. Andrea moves into a rooming house where also lives Edgar Bergen, a ventriloquist who hasn't worked for months. When the house catches fire, Bergen rescues Charlie McCarthy, while Andrea, assisted by hoofer George Murphy, who lives across the street, risks her life to save the precious letter. Bergen and Andrea move into George's rooming house. Then Andrea goes to see Menjou. The letter is from her mother, one of Menjou's ex-wives. It proves that Andrea is his daughter. He welcomes her, but can't bring himself to let the world know that he has a grown daughter. Through this vanity, he loses his fiancée, George Murphy grows jealous, and Andrea becomes the target of scandal-mongers. Menjou then gives Andrea her big chance on the stage by agreeing to appear in a play with her. But on opening night. . . .

COMMENT—A great deal of time and money have been spent on this picture, and I am happy to say that neither has been wasted. "Letter of Introduction" is what is known to the profession as surfice box office. With the story based on a human premise—an aging matinee idol's reluctance to admit his age—the film is sure to please the majority of picturegoers.

Director John M. Stahl (with credit to the writers, Sheridan Gilsen and Leonard Spigelglass) has managed to work Bergen and McCarthy into the story so that they do not appear as an extraneous element just running in. Though they do not further the story until the very end of the picture, they never seem to be foreign to the structure of it. One of the best sequences is that in which Bergen wraps Charlie in newspapers to take him out for an audition. His pathetic plaints against this indignity and his comic playing during the proceedings brought much applause at the preview. And his later possessiveness of his automobile is the topper. Says Charlie, "Bergen bought me this car so I won't have to be wrapped in newspapers every time I go out." And while on the subject of Bergen, let's not forget the scene in which Charlie shows his jealousy of Mortimer, another of Bergen's dummies. Mortimer, a shy, dull-witted country lout, is here introduced in films, and he is a hit.

Andrea Leeds gives her best performance since her memorable one in "Stage Door." Menjou is every inch the vain and human actor. The work of Ernest Cossart, though confined to his usual valet portrayal, cannot be overlooked. George Murphy's role is too straight to give him much opportunity, but he is his usual pleasing self. The boy has made great strides in the past year. This department also wishes to point—with pardonable pride—to the performances of Eve Arden as Bergen's wisecracking girl friend and of Rita Johnson, who plays Menjou's hard-boiled fiancée. Both ladies were recommended to a film company by us more than a year ago.

After all the foregoing praise it may seem a trifle out of order to inject a note of criticism, and in voicing it, I may stand alone, but, to me, the ending is far from satisfactory. In fact, it has bothered me ever since I saw it. It is my opinion that the world should have been informed that Andrea was Menjou's daughter, particularly in view of the fact that it is Menjou's dying wish. There seems to be little point in Andrea's remaining the butt of scoundrelsmongers. And the whole deathbed scene is, in my opinion, inexcusably ineffective, due to the way Mr Menjou is made to gasp out his lines. Such stuff tends either to make the spectator feel unduly nervous or to laugh out of turn.

One more criticism: It seems to me that the romance between George and Andrea develops with a suddenness which is surprising even in this age of speed
OPINION—Very good.



In "Bulldog Drummond in Africa," Reginald Denny aims his shootin' iron at leading man John "Bull Dog" Howard for the noise turn supporting glaver and shores up Hollywood's one and only Angel

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA"

Produced by Paramount
Directed by Louis King

CAST—John Howard, Heather Angel,



In "Letter of Introduction," Everybody (meaning, left to right, Adolphe Menjou, Ernest Cassen, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, and Andrew Tombes) is happy because Adolphe is compelling arrangements for down-as-their-luck Charlie and Edgar to perform at a London Gemba. However, Buster Cassen's dirty look indicates he's still unimpressed under the indignity of Charlie's having just tried to pin an uncouth after-breakfast burp on him

In "In Old Mexico," William Boyd is back again as Hopalong Cassidy in that above-average Western series. The tussle with Bill is Betty Aversen

H. B. Warner, J. Carrol Nash, Reginald Denny, E. E. Chive.

SITUATION—Bulldog Howard rescues Scotland Yarder H. B. Warner from the nefarious intentions of international spy J. Carrol Nash, in Africa.

COMMENT—It might just as well be Hoko-kus as Africa, so little does the setting mean to the plot, but I suppose that having the Dark Continent for a setting lends enchantment, or something. This new one in the Drummond series is a condensed serial, with chases, raging horns intent on devouring people, shootin' irons, and fights. It moves along fast and the cast is as good as this routin', tootin' story permits its members to be.

OPINION—All right of its kind.

"A DESPERATE ADVENTURE"

Produced by Republic
Directed by John H. Auer

CAST—Ramon Navarro, Marian Marsh, Margaret Tallchiet, Eric Blore, Andrew Tombes, Tom Rutherford.

SITUATION—Artist Ramon Navarro paints a nude (tsk! tsk!) portrait of his dream girl Trouble does not develop until he meets her counterpart in the person of Marian Marsh. Friends have swiped the portrait, and it passes into the hands of a dealer, headed for New York. Ramon must reclaim the portrait to prevent scandal, and a chase ensues, with him switching affections from Marian to sister Margaret Tallchiet en route.

COMMENT—"A Desperate Adventure," the second of the Navarro starrers for Republic, is, I regret to say, mild stuff. But for Andrew Tombes' fine characterization as the father of the girls, the picture would be pretty flat. Tombes is really funny at times, especially when he is worrying about what the Chamber of Commerce back home would think about the shocking portrait. Margaret Tallchiet, given a build-up (but little else) by Selznick International, has her fairest role to date. She looks like a good prospect. Ramon Navarro will please his fans.

OPINION—Ordinary.



CAREFUL DAREDEVIL

(Continued from page 11)

"I DO aerobatics to learn maneuvers which may be useful either in civilian flying or in combat, should a war emergency arise. Al Williams told me. "To stand is to clown, using tricks already known, I believe in precision flying and believe that aviators should stick to that and leave the experimenting to those especially qualified to do it."

Al's greatest interest, perhaps, lies with the youngsters of the country who are interested in flying and want to learn to fly. His interest has got him another title and another job, albeit honorary. He is commander-in-chief of about 400,000 Junior Aviators, members of the youths' aviation movement sponsored by the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

And Major Williams is candid in stating that the future of American aviation lies not with the middle-aged men who pay fares on the big airliners but with the kids who push their air flippers around the country. He recalls how impressed he was with seeing the spectacle of 208 air flippers ticktacking down out of the air into Miami recently. These were 40- and 50-horsepower jobs with a capacity of only nine gallons of gasoline. The pilots were all boys. Whenever they got lost on their mass flight down to Miami, they would fly low and look for the name of the town on the railway station. Then they'd go up again and look it up on the map.

"These putt-putts," said Major Al, "these little planes, the cost of which lies within the reach of almost anyone's pocketbook—these are the hope of American aviation of the future."

ONE of Al Williams' pet ideas is that orders in automobiles should have the same type of safety belt as that now used in airplanes. When he first suggested it, most persons who heard of it scoffed and said, "A crackpot idea!" But give it a thought. The belt is designed to keep the pilot and passengers from being catapulted and injured if the plane makes a sudden impact with the ground or with some other immovable object. If people were strapped to the seats of their cars, says Al, fewer would go rocking through the windshield or up against the steel top.

Major Williams has at one time or another flown most existing models of land planes and seaplanes, both of American and foreign design. Planes, he will tell you, are temperamental. Each one has its idiosyncrasies. And what he likes about going up in a strange plane is the struggle between himself and the ship.

During the War, when enemy planes were falling into the hands of the Allies, Williams was called on to put these captured ships through their paces. He tells a story of an adventure with an Austrian plane, one which might well have been disastrous.

One night he was plotting it across Chesapeake Bay when he noticed that the fuel gauge needle pointed far to the left, indicating that the gas tank was almost empty. He looked around for a valve controlling the reserve fuel tank. Every knob and dial was labeled in German, and he knew no German. Finally Al found one marked with a word which was spelled something like our word "fuel." With a sigh of relief he twisted it—and lo, he dumped every drop of gas in the plane into the bay! The fishermen who picked him up several hours later reported that they had been able to hear him muttering miles away.

THE TELEPHONE AGE

(Continued from page 9)

m-a-tunk-a-hello-hey-a-brother-m-a-tunk-a-hello-
lo-
He was rudely interrupted by a woman's

voice which said briskly, "You'd better get back from that window, little boy, or you'll fall out and hurt yourself. Get back now."

Timmy emitted a groan so hollow, that the trunk walls vibrated. "I'm dying," he announced decisively. "I'm so hot I'm dying."

Buddy left the window, his chubby face concerned for the first time. "Buddy fix," he volunteered. "Poor Timmy, hot Timmy."

He chugged out of the room to the nursery, although Timmy shouted at him hoarsely as he heard him go. At the same moment the phone started ringing again. By the time the phone had stopped, Timmy had settled down to a woeful, rhythmic croaking. "I'm dying. I know I'm dying. I'm so hot I'm dying."

BUDDY came back slowly, slopping his sand bucket full of water, and murmuring gently to himself, "Where Timmy? Hot Timmy, poor Timmy—yuss, yuss, yuss." He carefully climbed the chair, the bucket slapping against his fat little legs.

Buddy was leaning over the trunk, intently pouring water through the cracks, when Margaret came into the room. And from the trunk itself, Timmy's tortured voice came in muffled protest. "Stop it, Buddy! Stop it! Get me out of here!"

Margaret dived for the trunk and released the wild-eyed Timmy. At precisely the same moment, Buddy toppled off the chair and began to howl, and the phone started ringing again. Timmy dashed for the phone. By the time Margaret had soothed the bruised Buddy, Timmy was engaged in a glibbie of breathless conversation with Miss Tait.

"No, ma'am, I wasn't exactly out. I was in a—I mean to say I couldn't answer the phone until just this very instant. No, ma'am, she isn't exactly out, either I mean, can't I take the message for her?... Yes—I certainly will remember the number, all right!... Thank you, ma'am"

Timmy hung up the receiver and leaned weakly against the wall. Glancing at him, Margaret saw that he was as close to exhausted tears as his pride allowed, so she tactfully marched Buddy into the kitchen. She was wondering, meanwhile, how in the world Buddy had ever managed to lock Timmy up in that trunk.

In a few moments she heard Timmy give a number to central in a voice so cautious that he had to repeat it. There was only one decent thing for Margaret to do and she did it virtuously; she closed the kitchen door with a slam which she was sure would reach Timmy's ears. As she placed Buddy firmly in his high chair, she caught herself

thinking with absurd fervor, "I won't ask him—I really won't." But I'll find that Nancy Smith and box her little ears if she doesn't say yes."

TIMMY was barricaded in his room when dinner-time arrived, and Margaret sent Ben to get him. When they came into the dining room, they were looking self-consciously like father and son. Ben, his face white-burned and glowing from his day in the open, had his arm around Timmy's shoulders. Timmy grinned shyly up at his father, then gave Margaret the level glance of a good poker player.

The meal spent itself with the usual Sunday night forays into the kitchen for forgotten leftovers. And after dinner Ben was unusually jovial.

"Come on, Son—let's give your mother a hand with these dishes on an Annie-less Sunday." He clapped Timmy on the shoulder and hustled around the kitchen in the fond belief that he was decreasing rather than increasing confusion.

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," said Margaret absently. She was still stealing furtive, questioning glances at Timmy's poker face.

By the time she was putting the last determined polish on the sink, Ben was perched comfortably on the kitchen table, swinging his legs and juggling a dinner plate.

"How about a little excitement tonight, Meg?" he asked. "Frank said we might drop over."

"Feeling restless, dear?" asked Margaret automatically. Timmy was edging toward the door.

"No, no—of course not," said Ben, obviously feeling just that. "Just thought that old monotony might be chewing at your ear."

"It's not exactly monotonous around here," replied Margaret dryly, "but it would be nice to change the scenery." As a matter of fact, she felt as if she had been run through a wringer, but you can't very well admit that your 13-year-old son's love life has you on pins and needles. Privately she was planning to waylay Timmy in the hall.

When Timmy started for the stairs, Margaret, unable to restrain herself longer, rushed after him. There in the hall's dim light Timmy turned and looked at his mother solemnly.

"Is everything all arranged, Son?" she asked breathlessly. To the devil with "Primary Parent Psychology"—a woman's only human. "Everything all arranged?" she repeated.

Timmy gave her a dazzling, unadorned smile which she knew she would remember always.

"Jeeps, Mother," said Timmy fervently, "everything's jake!"

BY THEIR WILLS

(Continued from page 15)

hear the most children within the ten-year period immediately following his death, was a thoroughgoing woman hater. The only inference which can be drawn from his will is that he was giving vent to his hate—that he conceived the contest as a crude jest which would display motherhood as a vulgar, rapacious, and unlovely thing, rather than the sacred joy that most women—and most men—like to believe that it is.

Genuine grief over the real or fancied shortcomings of family and friends frequently finds utterance in a will. Howard Thurston, the great magician, left his foster daughter only \$750, saying that she had "caused me great mental anguish and suffering and has caused me to pay large sums of money through her whims and caprices." The daughter did not contest the will. Those were not the words, she said, of the father she "knew and loved."

ONE of the most natural, yet usually unwise, provisions which parents often make in their wills is the attempt to force their children into a mold of their own choosing, regardless of the changing world in which they must live. Recently, for instance, 16-year-old Flora Baxter of Hendersonville, North Carolina, found herself facing such a situation. Until she reaches the age of 31, she is to get the income from the estate left by her parents, *wedless*, in the meantime, she should marry a Roman Catholic, a drinker, or a smoker. If she should marry a man on the taboo list, the money is to go to other heirs. No doubt her parents thought they were protecting her from a marriage which they would have considered unsuitable. With great good luck the girl may perhaps fall in love with a lad of her own faith who neither takes an occasional drink nor smokes. But in these days of less restricted living, what a small list of eligibles there must be. And how difficult it is to force Cupid to aim his shaft thus precisely!

Fortunately, or so it seems to me, the courts, if given any latitude in a will, are inclined to be more tolerant than many testators toward the follies of youth. A Hartford, Connecticut, young man, William Richard Gilliam, benefited by this tolerance a year or two ago when an attempt was made to deprive him of a \$5,000 inheritance from his great-uncle William H. Richmond, a coal operator of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mr. Richmond had specified that his great-nephew should get the money upon coming of age only if he had proved "worthy." And it was brought out that Mr. Richmond had disapproved of the use of tobacco and in toxicants, even though he had not specifically mentioned it in the will.

"Do you smoke?" young Mr. Gilliam was asked when the case came up in court.

"Yes, sir," he said frankly.

"Do you drink?"

"I take a glass of beer occasionally."

But the judge was not impressed. "What of it?" he ruled in effect. "He is still a worthy young man." And he ordered the inheritance paid.

IT is not always a restriction on conduct, however, which turns an inheritance into a complicating force. Well meaning parents can mess things up for their children in many other ways. Probably Mrs. Eleanor du Pont

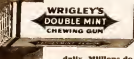
(Please turn to page 22)

Enjoy healthful
Double Mint Gum

this double-lasting, delicious tasting gum helps keep your family happier. It benefits digestion, nerves,

teeth. The next time at your

grocery store get ½ dozen packages of Double Mint gum.

**Chew Double Mint gum daily. Millions do. It is good for you. Buy today.**

"GENERAL" HOUSEWIFE DEMANDS THE PASSWORD

Permits only "Tried and True" Friends to enter her house!



NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK — SEPT. 1ST—10TH
Ask your Druggist for Nationally Advertised Brands

BY THEIR WILLS . . .

(Continued from page 20)

Taney of Philadelphia, who died in 1934, thought she was making it possible for her daughter Constance Perot to marry whomsoever she pleased, even if she fell in love with a poor man, when she left a fund out of which the man the daughter married would get \$5,000 a year income. But you can imagine what happened when the will was made public. The poor girl was swamped with proposals from fortune hunters. Eventually she married a man who was wealthy enough that the extra \$5,000 a year made little difference to him. But suppose she had married a poor man. How could she have been sure that he was not marrying her for her money?

Whether any complications arose from the will of Mrs. Manella Eastman of Salem, Massachusetts, probated in 1935, I don't know, but I can see possibilities. Mrs. Eastman, probably wishing to continue to look out for the home affairs of her children as she had done when alive, left her house to her son—all except one room, "Becky's room," she specified, was to belong to her daughter Mrs. Rebecca Corliss.

The desire of foster parents to have the filial love which they have won live on after they are gone often creeps into a will, showing, perhaps, that they were more afraid of losing it in life than the usual natural parent. And by the terms of the will they often saddle the object of their love with the burden of a hard and wrenching problem. Recently Vera Jean Howard, a 15-year-old Kearsaw, New York, high school girl, had to wrestle with just such a problem. Her own parents having separated, she had been brought up by foster parents, and when her foster father died within a short time after the death of her foster mother, he left a \$60,000 trust fund for her, but only on the provision that she should not go back to live with her own parents. It was not an easy decision, for though the girl had grown to love her foster parents, she still loved her own parents, too. She decided to take the money. But I cannot help wondering whether her love for her foster parents would not have been greater if they had not forced her to renounce the father and mother who brought her into the world.

GRATITUDE and loyalty often find expression in wills, even though in life the testator may have seemed gruff. Bequests to servants from men and women who have appeared to take their services for granted for years are common. A Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, woman, Mrs. Stella H. Tingley, recently gave her executors something of a puzzle, because she had apparently never even bothered to ask the names of the people who served her, though she remembered them in her will. She left \$300 each to "the ice man" and to "the milk man," \$150 to "the laundry man," \$100 to "the colored lady," and \$50 to "the new grocery boy." There was no other identification. Over in Eastbourne, England, the usual order of things was reversed a few years ago when Joseph Dowdall, a butler, left \$250 to Edward von Ecken Moberley, who had been his employer for more than 40 years.

Loyalty, of course, is not restricted to people. The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes felt that his chief loyalty was to the United States Government, in whose service

he had labored so long and illustriously, and he left a substantial part of his fortune to the Government.

And John McDaniel of Folkston, Georgia, a member of a religious cult, demonstrated his loyalty by leaving all his possessions to God. The story of his will appeared in the press, and a few days later the court clerk received a letter from a man in Chicago. It said, "Jehovah, the most high God, has asked me to claim the property which John McDaniel left to God. As the legal owner, he asks you to convert the property into money and forward it to me at once. May God bless John McDaniel." (The man did not get the money.)

Similarly unsuccessful were the litigants who tried to break the will of Miss Josephine Kershaw of Atlantic City three years ago. They argued that Miss Kershaw was mentally incompetent and as proof offered testimony that at a movie theatre she had become enraged because people had laughed at Eddie Cantor. The court ruled that this was no proof of mental incompetence. She just didn't like Eddie's style of humor, the judge reasoned.

If a person is humorous by nature, even that may shine forth in his will. General Jay J. Morrow, late governor of the Panama Canal Zone and brother of the late Dwight J. Morrow, surprised a lot of people when he left this explanation in his will for not bequeathing anything to his sister: "I'm leaving Agnes out of this because one of her sons sat beside me at an Army-Navy football game in an Army seat and cheered lustily for Navy." The nephew in question, Richard B. Scandrett, Jr., hastened to explain that the general was just having his last little joke. Actually, he said, he hadn't cheered at all, but the General always roared supplications and instructions to the Army players, and had ribbed him for not adding his voice, too. "I'll bet Jay had a lot of fun writing that," he added.

Jacob Arnsheim of Philadelphia liked fun, too, though apparently of another sort. His will specified that "the pallbearers are requested to drink ten gallons of wine after the funeral."

ONE Charles Lounsbury of Chicago, believed to have been either an attorney or a once wealthy real-estate operator who lost all through business reverses, left the following will which reveals what wealth of character remained after his material possessions were gone:

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheepfold volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this my will.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play

among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the great trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item: I devise to boys jointly all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-cold hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any encumbrance of care, motherhood.

"Item: I give and bequeath to girls all beauty and gentleness, and to them I give the crown of purity and innocence which is theirs by right of birth and sex, and also in due season the abiding love of brave and generous husbands, and the divine trust of motherhood.

"Item: To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude. I give them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and bravo-chores to sing with lusty voices.

"Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again freely and fully, without tide or diminution.

"Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

THERE died last year at Delanson, New York, one of the grandest men it has ever been my privilege to know. He was W. W. Christman, known—though not nearly so widely as he deserved—as "the farmer-port of the Helderhills." I have, in other places, written at some length about Will Christman, but nothing that I or anyone else has ever written tells so much about him as these few lines which he wrote himself. They're not, to be sure, his formal and legal will, but they're his spiritual testament in verse:

*I give, bequeath, devote, devote
Shelter to every bird that flies;
Harbor to all that walk or creep;
To the red fox, a bed for sleep;
Table and roof for every guest
And place for dove and thrush to nest.*

Yes—by their wills ye shall know them!

MEMO

*Meat for
two days!*



● You can solve practically all of your meal planning problems for the holiday by getting a ham. Serve center slices one meal, a roast for another and still have delicious cold meat for your informal occasions. Armour's is the ham! Better put it on your list right away!

Armour's
**STAR
HAM**

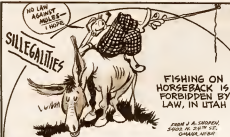
F I S H E R F O O D S

C L E V E L A N D - O W N E D

" C H A M P I O N S O F G O O D L I V I N G "

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



A BILL RECENTLY INTRODUCED IN THE TENNESSEE SENATE PROVIDES FINES FOR ANY HOTEL OR RESTAURANT OWNER WHO SERVES BACON THINNER THAN $\frac{1}{32}$ " OF AN INCH, OR SHORTER THAN $1\frac{1}{8}$ " INCHES!



HAM IS A KIND OF PORK BUT RAMPONIER IS BEEF

FROM L. M. JOHNSON, 602 WALLACE ST., OMAHA, NEBR.

THE USE OF PREPARED COSMETICS WAS CONSIDERED SCANDALOUS IN THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES, SO THE MORE DARING WOMEN POWDERED THEIR NOSES WITH FLOUR OR GROUND TAPIOCA, PAINTED THEIR CHEEKS AND LIPS WITH CRANBERRY JUICE, AND SHADOWED THEIR EYES WITH CHARCOAL



THIS HALF EGG WAS LAID BY A HEN ON THE RANCH OF R. CLARK, NEAR EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

FROM MRS. M. W. BRADSHAW, 7344 BRIGHTON, EL CENTRO, CALIF.



AN UNFINISHED MEAL ABOARD A SAILING SHIP IS THE SEA'S GREATEST MYSTERY! NOT A PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, WAS ABOARD THE VESSEL MARY CELESTE WHEN SIGHTED BETWEEN THE AZORES AND LISBON, DEC. 5, 1872—BUT A PARTLY EATEN MEAL WAS ON THE TABLE! THE FOOD BORE NO TRACES OF POISON; ALL SAILS WERE SET; THE SEA WAS CALM; EVERYTHING WAS SHIPSHAPE. THE ABANDONED DINNER TABLE, AND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF CREW AND PASSENGERS, TO THIS DAY REMAINS THE SEA'S GREATEST MYSTERY!

UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



TO INSURE FRESH MEAT FOR ITALIAN SOLDIERS CAMPAIGNING IN ETHIOPIA, LIVE ANIMALS WERE DROPPED FROM THE AIR BY PARACHUTES!

FROM MRS. M. E. WOODRUP, 183 D ST. S.E., WASH., D.C.

